REFLECTIONS

ON THE LATE

ELECTIONS

IN THE

COUNTY OF CAMBRIDGE.

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ON THE LATE

ELECTIONS

IN THE

COUNTY OF CAMBRIDGE;

WITH

INCIDENTAL REMARKS

ON THE

PRESENT STATE OF THE NATION.

BY A

FREEHOLDER OF THAT COUNTY.

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REFLECTIONS,

&c. &c.

MILTON, in the beginning of his immortal poem, aſſerts, that he has choſen the moſt ſublime ſubject for it: I cannot boaſt the ſame pre-eminence with reſpect to the ſubject of this pamphlet. I have undertaken the cauſe of a county almoſt ſinking from the view of mankind, almoſt loſt in Cimmerian darkneſs, and void of human habitation and delight; a county become already contemptible in the eye of the Legiſlature. I reſt the hope of exciting an intereſt in this Semiviro Comitatu, allowed only the moiety of a ſheriff for its legal adminiſtration; and as if its powers of legiſlation were to be rendered co-ordinate, a mere ſhadow of a repreſentative in Parliament is attempted to be obtruded upon it, as one of the Members for the county. Unhappy county! half of it, indeed, is covered with ſtagnant water deſolating the land; there, the ſickle of harveſt is not heard, nor the milkmaid ſingeth blythe, nor the mower whets his ſcythe. It is fit only, in its preſent ſtate, to be made a decoy for wild fowl, or rather a decoy for deluded freeholders. Yet is the place venerable;

the ground beneath theſe pools, theſe marſhes, is ſome of the beſt bottom in the iſland. Epictetus was lame, deaf, blind, and ſubject to various infirmities and privations; yet was he dear to the gods, becauſe he was irradiated by Heaven with the light of genius. The moſt lamentable part of his condition was what, I truſt, ſhall never finally attach to the county of Cambridge—the circumſtance of ſlavery.

This diſtrict, the moſt deſolate of the county, was the laſt ſeat of Saxon liberty. It was here ſhe deigned to linger ere ſhe left the land. Amongſt the ample woods, the leafy labyrinths of the Iſle of Ely (for it is the deſolating hand of deſpotiſm has created this world of water), Hereward, *ingentis ſpiritus vir, ultimus Romanorum*, defied the invader, and for ſuch a period, and with ſuch effect, that, had Edgar Atheling been endowed with the ſame faculties and diſpoſition, the Norman robber had been driven back to thoſe lands of previous plunder, wreſted by his rapacious countrymen from the feeble hands of Charles the Simple, after having been repulſed in a ſimilar attempt on England, by the wiſe and magnanimous Alfred. But I beg pardon for this old-faſhioned tale; I ſhall take care how I get back to the heroic ages; they ſuit not the temper of modern times: for a ſolid reaſon I ſhall not have recourſe to them. The vir-

tues of an individual in an ill-conſtituted government are even eſteemed formidable to the ſtate. Miltiades died in a priſon; his ſon, the brave and generous Cimon, the juſt Ariſtides, were baniſhed; almoſt all the great men of Athens were oſtraciſed or exiled by the jealouſy of their countrymen; but in this country we boaſt much of our countrymen, we boaſt of their virtues without jealouſy; they are made ſubſervient to the ſtate; our great boaſt is the conſtitution of the country, the matchleſs conſtitution of the country, which to attempt to praiſe would be a work of ſupererogation. While this continues we ſhall have heroic defenders by ſea, ſtrenuous aſſerters by land, riſing under the ſtandard of its authority. The gigantic force of its viviſying principle made this little iſland the miſtreſs or arbiter of the world, gave her dominions infinite, *undiminiſhed*, until ſhe endeavoured to withhold from a part the moſt extenſive of her territory, and a conſiderable portion of her countrymen, the *charter* of their birthrights, the genuine aſſurance of their kindred connexion. In the attempt to raviſh the *Tartar* lock from their heads, they aſſumed the ſtrength of Sampſon in reſiſtance. Under the awful humiliation that ſucceeded this diſgraceful eſſay of the mother country, ſhe learnt to revere the conſtitution, and conſolidate the remainder of her poſſeſſions. Poſſeſſions, indeed, we have ſtill in abundance, and while we ſhall preſerve

our conſtitution, we ſhall command the world; we have more cauſe to call in temperance to our aid than ambition.

Does fear pervade our region at this moment of expected invaſion? I will venture, at leaſt within Great Britain, to aſſert, there is more to be apprehended, at preſent, from the contempt of danger than the dread of it. Why does this aſſurance exiſt? becauſe it is known this country contends for the bleſſings of a *free conſtitution*, and thoſe that are to invade us are the creatures of oppreſſion, without a cauſe of their own, and impelled forwards by the ſcourge of a taſkmaſter. But in the repreſentation of the country, the cement of our admirable conſtitution, from no part is greater energy derived, than that which ſprings from the repreſentation of the county members *. Thoſe who have propoſed a reform, a dangerous experiment, have endeavoured to introduce a greater number of county members. Any alloy or deterioration in that part of the repreſentation is proportionably to be dreaded. Juggling is

* The country is already reforming itſelf in its conſtitution. Midhurſt, Helſtone, *cum multis aliis*, have already emancipated themſelves. Let a cloſe borough be brought, by ſome party ſtruggle, once before a committee of election, the darkneſs of ſubjugation is at an end, and the light of liberty let in upon it. All the rotten boroughs are mouldering away to their period, and will, if unmoleſted, conſume themſelves.

certainly amuſing, and vice is a potent juggler.

> I for a moment cheat the throng,
> You every day, and all day long;

and the vice of ambition, the greateſt of all jugglers, *præſtigiator maximus*. But juggling is amuſing while the juggler diverts us with the exerciſe of his art in things of ſmall and trivial value, that excite no commotion in our minds on their appearance or diſappearance. Should a juggler endeavour to convey away the title-deeds of the manſion he exhibits in, he would not be much reliſhed for his flight of hand, let his performance be ever ſo exquiſite. A juggle of the moſt impudent kind is endeavoured at the preſent moment to be introduced into this county, degraded already, as I have ſaid, in the eye of the world by the contempt with which it has been treated in the material conſideration of its legal adminiſtration, parcelled away as it has been to courtiers by draining grants, yet even there not without ultimate effects of utility. To drain the land is to bring the produce of the land forward for the benefit of the country and its inhabitants; but to drain the repreſentation in the manner at this inſtant attempted, is to drain the conſtitution of its radical moiſture, and to render it ſterile and hopeleſs of produce in the moſt fertile part of its territory.

I accuſe Sir H. Peyton of having formed a combination with the family of Yorke, to elude the repreſentation of election in the county of Cambridge. Have I any particular indiſpoſition to the family of the Yorkes? on the contrary, I am its wellwiſher. That family has riſen legitimately in the ſtate by induſtry, and, I will add, by talents. Have I any perſonal *diſlike* to the gentleman who is at this time the repreſentative of the county? On the contrary, though certainly a ſupporter of miniſtries, I know his ſupport has a limit, that is, the limit of honour*. He is the third of his family ſucceſſively in the curule chair:—the ſon and grandſon of a Chancellor of Great Britain may hold the ſeals as Secretary of State with great propriety. In my opinion, had he held the ſeals his father and grandfather obtained, he would have attained to a more permanent dignity, and a ſituation more adapted to his abilities; nor do I mean to flatter

* When Mr. Wallace, a member of the late adminiſtration, at that time juſt entered into the Houſe, made a firſt ſpeech that contained not merely the germ of arbitrary principle, but the full diſcloſure of that which would have entitled him to have become the prime miniſter of a king like James the Second, Mr. Charles Yorke revolted againſt ſuch a declaration, though a ſupporter of the ſame party at the inſtant, announced himſelf as adhering to the tenets of the Revolution, and from a jealouſy with reſpect to the conſtitution, did vote on a ſubſequent occaſion with Oppoſition.

him when I declare, I think he had no cauſe to deſpair of attaining to that ſituation; I ſee nothing in his own or the abilities of thoſe he would have had to contend with, to occaſion my refraining from this declaration; however, I am perfectly willing he ſhould mount into the Houſe of Lords without paſſing through the ordeal of the law. He has my paſſport to Dover—*avunculus excitet Hector.* I wiſh him harboured in the Houſe of Lords, for which place he is at leaſt as well calculated as that which he has abandoned. Have I any objection to Sir Harry Peyton as a freeholder? According to the tenour of his firſt appearance and declarations, he ſhould have had my wiſhes for his ſole ſucceſs, conſidering him as he was conſidered by my friends, as the ſupporter of the independence of the county. It is in conſequence of his ſhrinking from his original port and pretenſions, that I ſhrink from the adherence to his character. How miſerably has he thrown away fourteen thouſand pounds for this moiety of a county! He has been as laviſh of his money as his reputation. But he is young; he has only been negligent of his parliamentary character: *that* he may live to repair if he ſhall reflect;—the breach in his fortune may be more eaſily remedied: but neither of theſe objects will be effected by his appearing for the county, under the banners of

the Yorkes. I here think it neceſſary to declare myſelf no partiſan of the Rutland family; and though a freeholder of the county of Cambridge, more intereſted in the general effect of its repreſentation on the country at large, than moved by any peculiar ſenſation for the county itſelf. The violation of the conſtitution is what I am alive to; nor ſhall any regard to the feelings of Sir Harry Peyton or Mr. Yorke, prevent my animadverting on this part of their conduct. Public men ſhould be amenable and amened to the tribunal of public judgment; but I muſt confeſs, I think neither of theſe gentlemen ſuch a leviathan in politics, as to have a right to abſorb a whole pamphlet.

The ſtate of public affairs is ſuch, as to draw the attention of all within this iſland and its dependancies to the obſervation of its proceedings; nor will the inquiry be unmingled with ſome degree of curioſity; becauſe amongſt its Miniſters few of their old acquaintances are to be found; and it is not imagined by THEIR good will the gentlemen now in office are found in their preſent ſituations. I ſhall therefore venture to offer a few ſtrictures on a pamphlet lately publiſhed, with curſory remarks, &c.; which pamphlet is entitled to conſideration more from its having apparently come from the OFFICINA of the Miniſter, than from any intrinſic merit.

The author of this pamphlet obſerves, amongſt his other remarks, that whoever ſuppoſed the late peace was to endure for a moment, was not one of Mr. Addington's fools, but nature's fools. What privilege Mr. Addington had in his recent appointment of creating fools beyond any of his predeceſſors in office, is amongſt the ſecret articles of the treaty: he has been more unfortunate indeed than former Miniſters, if he has not found ſome already finiſhed to his hand.

This diſtinction of folly reminds me of that of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who obſerves, that himſelf does it more naturally, but the Clown with the better grace; but it may be aſked, what introduced Mr. Addington to the rank of Prime Miniſter but the peace? Have his family honours their root then in folly? is the world to aſſemble, and conclude the moſt ſolemn compact known to the univerſe? and never was there a compact, in which the world was more intereſted to act a farce, or to aggrandize a family raiſed by this vehicle of wind, to the pinnacle of greatneſs.

This would juſtify the remark of the Chancellor Oxienſtiern: *Neſcis, mi fili, quantilla ſapientia regit mundum.* But folly uſually ſhelters itſelf under authority. The Piſos, the Claudii of Rome might indulge themſelves in ſome liberties; but the men of Arpinum, the provincial aſpirers unknown to the capital—Cicero and Marius did not in-

troduce themſelves in the habits of ſlaves or fools to the Roman people. Is Memnon's ſtatue to become vocal, in conſequence of a little court ſunſhine, that it may breathe the accents of folly and impotence? yet is this ſtatue deſcribed in another place, like the ſtatue in Don Juan, deſcending from its pedeſtal, to chaſtiſe the monſter of rape, perfidy, and oppreſſion, by the overwhelming powers of its inevitable graſp.

Mr. Pitt is deſcribed as poſſeſſing *eloquentiæ ſatis, ſapientiæ parum*; the Miniſter as exclaiming, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." Mr. Pitt may now ſay, indeed, "All the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, bark at me." But I will treat the Miniſter more liberally, and I believe more juſtly than his friend. An indiſcreet friend is worſe than an enemy, though I am far from being an enemy to Mr. Addington, as long as it ſhall appear he bears good will to his country. It is not by detraction from the characters of men, pretty well aſcertained in their good and evil to the country, he can hope to raiſe any foundation of merit. His miniſtry muſt be a miniſtry not of words but of deeds. I will allow him what I believe he poſſeſſes, good meaning; that is, indeed, the ſtaple ſupport of his power. I will believe that his wiſh is, his adminiſtration ſhould not be inſignificant, not merely advantageous to his own family, but beneficial to the public.

It is ridiculous to claim any merit from the acceptance of the office of Prime Minister, to state that the public good was the sole object of his having submitted to the yoke. In Mr. Pitt's first appointment to the office of Prime Minister, he accused Mr. Fox of inordinate ambition, in the warmth of debate, such as Mr. Addington may expect to sustain from disappointed competitors, who have the presumption to imagine, notwithstanding the display of knowledge, experience, &c. so lavishly bestowed on him by his panegyrist; they are not much inferior to him in any respect, but that of court favour. When Mr. Fox was so accused, his reply was, "Shall I be accused of ambition by a man who has made himself Prime Minister of the country at four-and-twenty?" Mr. Addington, though mature in life, is still a non-adult in politics. Will Mr. Addington lay his hand on his heart and say, ambition was absent from his mind, when he accepted this office, weighty at all times, but more than usually ponderous at the moment of his acceptance? Let him not assert it; if he should do it, he will be disbelieved. But his panegyrist is as injudicious in his censure of his enemies as his praise of his friends. "Praise undeserved is satire in disguise;" his fear magnifies the importance of his enemies, and his confession gives them an importance they do not possess, but which they may be very willing should pass current in the world. He calls the Grenville family

the "Claudian family," but no more like the Claudian family than I to Hercules *. The Claudian family entered Rome with the advantage of aſcertained nobility of birth, the only birth, perhaps, aſcertained in Rome, and five thouſand followers at their backs.

They were introduced at once to a great ſituation on their entrance into Rome from the Sabines, and were conſidered eſſentially as the firſt family in the ſtate; a ſituation they maintained with undiminiſhed ſplendour, except in one inſtance, where, to riſe to a ſuperior height, the family for a moment degraded itſelf—a dangerous experiment, unſucceſsful in that inſtance, as it has been in others. In that family, during their career as republicans, there were twenty-eight conſuls, five dictators, ſix cenſors, and a decemvir. Six triumphs were obtained by them in military achievements. To them the Romans were indebted for their laws. They were great in peace and war. The Grenville family has been long ſeated in Buckinghamſhire. What poſſeſſions have been involved in the property of that family during a conſiderable courſe of time, is beſt known to themſelves. All pedigree is dumb that does not ſpeak from the annals of the ſtate; and few are the families, as

* The Claudian family began with the regal, and ended with the imperial line; but I ſhall conſider them only as republicans. Not one of the Grenvilles, I imagine, would be flattered by being compared to Nero.

Gibbon obſerves, who can truſt their hiſtory to the records of their country. In what manner do the Grenvilles burſt upon the ſtate of this country in momentous importance, as far as importance can be conveyed by property? Property has ruſhed in upon them as the office of Prime Miniſter upon Mr. Addington, like the Ganges in the fable, overwhelming their original powers. Poſſeſſed no doubt of their family ſeat, but with a ſmall territory around it, they derive (I ſpeak to the period of the preſent Marquis of Buckingham) their property principally from families with which they hold no community of blood *.

The advice of Appius Claudius, called the Blind, though certainly not from the unenlightened ſtate

* The eldeſt ſiſter of Lord Cobham was diſinherited by her brother for marrying a clergyman, though a gentleman of very ancient family, in favour of the younger, who married a Grenville, the father of Earl Temple, George Grenville, &c. The hatred of the preſent Lord Temple to the church ſeems therefore to be hereditary. What community of blood have the Grenville family with the Doddingtons, the Craggs, the wife of the firſt Earl Temple, whoſe alien wealth is accumulated together to extend to an immoderate ſcope the narrow line of the Grenville property? The marriage, indeed, of the preſent Earl Temple brings a genuine property into the family with an acceſſion of dignity. He ſeems to be a young man of induſtry, and by no means deſtitute of talents. Let him depend more upon his induſtry and talents than his property, at leaſt not bring it into play in debate in Parliament: let him believe the alluſion to it "will be more honoured in future in the breach than the obſervance."

of his mind, ſaved Rome—The counſels of George Grenville were the cauſe of the loſs of America. Claudius Nero deſtroyed the army of Aſdrubal, and opened the way for the conqueſt of Hannibal—George Grenville by his narrow policy raiſed the ſpirit of a Waſhington, to the infinite deprivation of the territory of Great Britain, and diminution of her reputation. Like Joſhua, he arreſted the motion of the ſun; for by the ſigning of the independence of America the ſun of Great Britain was declared to ſet for ever.--The connexion of the Claudii with Rome was, as I have obſerved, of long duration in a career of unabated greatneſs. The decemvir, the tyrant of the people, was a remote anceſtor (allowing for the wear and tear of reſtleſs ambition, incompatible indeed with the ſafety of the Roman ſtate) from Clodius, the enemy of Cicero and Lucullus, the baſe ſycophant of the people. No family can be more diſſimilar from the Claudian than the Grenvilles. The Grenvilles have not yet run a ſecond race. It will be long before any one of that family will think himſelf, from temper of mind and acknowledged ſituation, ſo confirmed that *he* can deſcend to the people as was done by Clodius; an example, indeed, more memorable than praiſeworthy, but which does not ſeem likely to become the object of imitation to the Grenvilles: no failure of that kind has appeared as yet in them—"*et ſupra virtutem fortuna, et ſupra fortunam arrogantia.*"—In that

ſhort period of their connexion with greatneſs, by the deprivation of America, they have done more injury to their native country than the Claudian fury diſperſed through collected ages. Even now their faction is lighting a firebrand to conſume the ſtate, that they may come through its viſcera into office. Is the language ſtrong? Is it ſtronger than the occaſion for it? Thoſe, therefore, who have given cauſe for it may take the ſhame where it ought to reſt. May penitence follow ſhame, and ſhame amendment! If there is a political hell, they have cauſe to tremble *. The author of the pamphlet is a vile dauber; he paints like the old painters, without light and ſhade, one heavy ſtroke for all his portraits. How ill has he blended the Pitts and the Grenvilles together! What reſemblance is there between *the gentle ſhepherd* and the dictatorial ſoul of the Earl

* I ſpeak of the public conduct of the individuals of this family. In private life, I ſhall not deny Lord Grenville is a gentleman and ſcholar; he has, too, tried abilities: but how are they at this inſtant tarniſhed by the factious abuſe of them, and appetite of office! It would be injuſtice to Mr. Thomas Grenville not to acknowledge that no man has more improved on the public lately as a debater than he has done; and I believe, what is certainly no proof of arrogance, he has a larger portion of intellect than he is himſelf aware of, or has called into action. Want of animation in delivery is his fault as a ſpeaker; let him exſuſcitate himſelf by action—*Magna eloquentia ſicut flamma materia alitur, et motibus excitatur, et urendo clareſcit.* But let him above all things endeavour to enlarge his conceptions, ſo as to embrace the public welfare.

of Chatham ? That mighty ſpirit ſprung from the ſituation of a younger brother, and a cornet of horſe, to the ſway of his country. Sir Robert Walpole's wreſting " the ſervile ſtandard from his free-born hand," was the greateſt ſtain on the memory of that miniſter, and the moſt fatal blow to his immediate authority: it furniſhed one more inſtance to prove how dangerous it is for the ſuggeſtions of the mean paſſions of men in power to attempt oppreſſion againſt a lofty ſpirit. It is raiſing a Luther to deſtroy the reigning religion. Lord Chatham roſe on the popular cauſe, and diſdained not to lower his faſces to the majeſty of the people—their love and his authority followed him to the grave, and continue to dignify his memory.

How did William Pitt the younger riſe but through the medium of a free people, profeſſing a reform, dangerous in practical experiment, though grateful to the hope ? That was the ladder of his ambition, though, as Mr. Duncombe obſerved, he thought the Right Honourable Member *had kicked down the ladder*; but lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder. Every thing that now proceeds from Mr. Addington originates from the people—*vox populi, vox Dei.*—So was it with Mr. Pitt at his entrance into office. There were then no Jenkinſons, &c.; and well for him would it have been, had there been none ſubſequently, and had he depended

on his own ſtrength and the ſupport of his countrymen. *They* thruſt him out of office: "there was the hand unſeen" that ſubverted his power. But this writer concludes with producing Mr. Addington as the King's ſervant. So was Mr. Pitt; he preſerved his ſovereign from the effects of a calamity inflicted on him by the Sovereign of the world, at a time when there was little hope of his being reinſtated in his original ſituation; when the medical *firman* was iſſued, declaring that the King's diſeaſe became the more incurable as the ſigns of convaleſcence appeared. Thanks to the interference of Mr. Loveden and the country gentlemen in the laſt reſort;—the ſovereign of the country obtained the juſtice due to the meaneſt peaſant, and emancipation, juſt as the gates of the priſon-houſe were cloſing on him, probably for ever! This was the work of Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow—"*Deſine Tydiden monſtrare.*" They are now both equally involved in the ſhade of ſequeſtration; a ſtate they might not ſo eaſily have experienced, had they not been ſeparated from each other in the courſe of their political career. But ambition, like the Turk, bears no brother near the throne. Their efforts, however, when united, cleared "with euphraſy and rue, the viſual nerve" in the illuſtrious object of their care;—for he had *much* to ſee. He has lived to ſee the victories of Lord Howe, St. Vincent, Aboukir, and the preſervation of Egypt by Sir

Sidney Smith. His convaleſcence has been the convaleſcence of the empire. Had he been then confined in his palace like one of the *Rois Faineans* in France, he would have cloſed his actual reign in calamity common to the kingdom as well as himſelf. He has lived to witneſs a more favourable courſe of fortune; may his career conclude with glory uneclipſed! The meridian of his life was obſcured by the loſs of America. His evening, I mean the period ſubſequent to his convaleſcence, has been marked with all the genuine radiance of the ſetting ſun.

Mr. Addington is to learn he is but *ſervus ſervorum*; the Jenkinſons may at any time ſend him to join his late friend in the Elyſian fields, deſcribed by his panegyriſt. What is to protect him from his fate? His ſingle ſtrength. "Man but a ruſh againſt his breaſt, his occupation's gone." Can his friend Mr. Tierney, whoſe talents are the only talents of the Adminiſtration (and therefore is he not ill introduced into the cabinet, and placed in an office, for the diſcharge of which he may be conſidered as competent), ſave him from a reverſe of fortune? It may be ſaid of him what was ſaid of Sir John Miller, at the time he was calculating the weights and meaſures—"That gentleman has not weight enough to carry that meaſure;" but ability and induſtry are ever reſpectable. From theſe conſiderations is Mr. Tierney reſpectable.—His nuptial preſent, *don des noces*, I like not. If

it is the gift of another, it comes with an ill omen on his introduction into the management of affairs, I mean the tax on the funds. Is there any thing ingenious in the ſuggeſtion? There is not; on the contrary, there is great ignorance and preſumption. The funds of Great Britain have been the funds of the world; they will ceaſe to be ſo, I fear, from the period of the preſent tax—Is he to give up the maſter-ſpring of his political inſtrument to gain a right to exerciſe himſelf upon it? Dire alternative!

"Eſurit intactam Paridi ni vendat Agaven."

But I am willing to believe Mr. Tierney is not the author of this meaſure, though he certainly partakes in the guilt of concurring in it. Mr. Tierney muſt know his eſtimation with the public will depend upon the due exerciſe of his talents; let him proceed accordingly. He has got hold of a place he does not, I believe, intend to part with, nor is it my wiſh he ſhould; but let him remember he reſts on his abilities and conduct alone; he has not a ſingle political friend himſelf, and he is at this time the ſingle auxiliary Mr. Addington can boaſt.

So much for Mr. Tierney, ſeated in office; he will there be ſhaken by the paſſions incident to thoſe who aſpire to permanency, in an elevation

rocked by the winds, and ſubject to the guſt of every occaſion. Let him borrow the temper of one of his lateſt predeceſſors in the ſtate he now holds; the wary and accommodating Lord Melville. With that cloak of concealment Mr. Dundas may now paſs through the multitude as Æneas paſſed through Carthage, "*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo diſcrimine agetur.*" But Mr. Tierney is made of ſterner ſtuff; he dares to *like* and *hate.* Oh monſtrous ſoleciſm in politics, for "politicians neither love nor hate!" But I cannot take my leave of Mr. Tierney, without doing juſtice to a part of his conduct, which will endear his memory to this country, as long as its conſtitution ſhall endure: if the country ſhall be forgetful and unmindful of his conduct on that occaſion, it will be negligent and regardleſs of its deareſt intereſts. Mr. Tierney walked alone the rough aſcent to power; he had no helping hand to raiſe him; he comes now, not as a tributary, but as an auxiliary, communicating more ſtrength than he receives.

In his political progreſs, he had the merit and good fortune of communicating ſtrength to the conſtitution of his country—(may he never live to impair it!) Mr. Tierney has done more in the way of reform of Parliament, than any man that ever yet made his way to the Houſe of Commons; and few have made their way as he has done,

pleading, and pleading ſucceſsfully, his cauſe in the committee of election, " mocking old father Antic the Law," and reſting for ſupport on the vigour of his independent faculties. He had the peculiar privilege of communicating virtue to the other Houſe. One who is now an Engliſh Earl, well prepared his paſſage to the upper region, by an honourable and conſiſtent motion in the lower aſſembly; a circumſtance which has given him a place among the *nobleſt* claſs, the benefactors of mankind. It is not in mortals to command ſucceſs, but Lord Belgrave deſerved it, by his memorable *motion* reſpecting the freedom of elections: had thoſe he is now aſſociated with been ſwayed by a ſympathy of ſoul, Corruption had been at this time nearer her laſt gaſp, than the ſpeculations of politicians had ever entertained the idea of its being reduced to. It was the failure of theſe gods of Epicurus, *Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis,* that brought back this Cerberus to hell, after he had been dragged to light by theſe friends to freedom and manly prerogative.

The appointment of Mr. Yorke to the office of Secretary of State is not well uſhered in by his brother's deficiency as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. But I may be anſwered by the writer of this ſingular pamphlet, Merit in this Adminiſtration is perſonal; ſo am I anſwered, and ſo will I receive the anſwer. Even the misfortune

of brotherhood to ſuch a baſiliſk as Mr. Pitt, has not excluded Lord Chatham from a ſhare in the cabinet. Junius obſerves of Mr. Horne, that he begins to hate him as cordially as if he had been his friend;—but Mr. Addington does not ſpeak of Mr. Pitt as many did of Sejanus on his fall: *Nunquam amavi hunc hominem*;—he does not ſay this: on the contrary, he ſays, This man was my patron, he introduced me into the world, and firſt tanght mankind to know me; or rather before I was known, but juſt entered into Parliament, he placed me in the moſt honourable and one of the moſt lucrative ſituations in the kingdom. I beg pardon for ſpeaking in the perſon of Mr. Addington himſelf. The writer I conceive to have entirely adopted the ſentiments of the Miniſter. The merit of the pamphlet conſiſts in its having developed the ſecrets of the interior of the Parliament, and the arrangements of the Adminiſtration. I ſhall, therefore, take the liberty of conſidering the ſentiments of the author as the ſentiments of the Miniſter: ſhould I err, the public will think of me accordingly. The author of them I conceive to be near the perſon of Mr. Addington; if, indeed, it ſhould happen to be the brother of Mr. Addington, that would be proving nothing. *He* could know nothing of the ſecrets of his brother. Every thing in this Adminiſtration is perſonal, and the world is not a ſtep farther than if it had been written by one of the family of the Roſes,

and had leſs connexion with the perſon of Mr. Addington than that of Amadis de Gaul *.

To come therefore to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland himſelf, the Earl of Hardwicke: how relaxed muſt be the arm of the adminiſtration of Government, when the firſt drop of blood that iſſues from the revolt is to crimſon the ermine of the Chief Juſtice in Ireland! Is this the country, in whoſe boſom the deliberate Lord Redeſdale is to pour the depot of long-collected treaſures, and which he makes his immediate hymeneal bower?—This is the ſinging of the mermaid before the ſtorm; like the country mouſe, in his viſit to his friend in the city,

———" Domus alta moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus."

The Engliſh Lord Chancellor in Ireland hears the cry of bloodhounds around him, and ſighs for his uninterrupted walks to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, with the humble expectancy of the awaiting fee. He has attained the object of his ambition; he has gone to Ireland as a place of retirement—*otium cum dignitate*. But this man, who poſſeſſes not one vigorous eſſential to ſuppreſs a ſtorm, though by his inconſiderate motions reſpecting the Catholics he has not been unacceſſary

* This is in *operis ſubſecivis* of the younger Roſe; he is a young man of talents, and an author of no contemptible promiſe.

in raiſing one, is loſt in the vaſt wreck and deſolation around him. He appears like the man borne down on a haycock in the overflowing of the river, who being aſked whence he comes, exclaims, "From Wan[redacted]in England*." Yet this is the man who could not brook the idea of becoming Speaker to the Houſe of Commons. That office, I am ſorry to ſay, has loſt much of its original dignity, and I hope not to ſee it again in the hands of a lawyer, too frequently ignorant of its duties, and inadequate to the dignified diſcharge of them, but apt to proclaim his contempt of his ſituation, and not aſhamed to treat it, and thoſe who have conferred it on him, with marked neglect. I ſpeak not of the preſent Speaker; I am convinced he views the office in another light, and will uſe his beſt endeavours to raiſe himſelf to an adequate poiſe with that ſituation of weight and importance, which cannot be achieved but by a diligent and faithful diſcharge of its duties; if he does ſo, he will have little cauſe to envy the gawdy feaſt of Lord Redeſdale, at the Caſtle at Dublin, where he ſits, like Damocles, with the ſword over his head. At the time of the ſtorm all is in confuſion in Ireland; the Lord Lieutenant, the Commander in Chief in Ireland, and the correſponding Secretary of State in England, are all in oppoſition to each other, each anxious, no doubt, to remove the blame from himſelf.

* Ecce ſignum!

The caſe is ſerious in Ireland. At this moment Lord Edward Fitzgerald is conſidered as a martyr to the cauſe; well had it been, indeed, if due care had been taken to bring back that noble, but miſguided youth, to his duty, to prevent his embarking in an enterpriſe where ſucceſs was impoſſible; on the contrary, the ſpies of Government hung like grinning fiends over his deſtruction, and ſought to build their fortunes on his ruins—*exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor*, he might have well ſaid at his departure, for this is a war of revenge. The Miniſter muſt be well aware of the danger ariſing from the extremity; let him diſpatch immediately another Chief Governor;—he muſt be a military man, a man of experience, prepared to meet what he muſt know he muſt *neceſſarily* encounter.

The invaſion of England from the French may be to be deſired rather than dreaded. In Ireland the invaſion of the French would be formidable, not for the conqueſt of that iſland—that is impoſſible, while we retain what I truſt we ſhall ever retain, the dominion of the ſea;—but to prevent the outrages of the French againſt Ireland, of Ireland againſt itſelf (and God knows nothing more is required towards the deſolation of that country), and expectation and mortification in the mother-country. Relaxation of diſcipline like Lord Hardwicke's would create a thouſand Deſpards,

and give conſiſtency to his frantic ſchemes; and it is to be remembered, that Deſpard was an Iriſhman, and might not be unconnected with the ramification of this plot.

But, however, I wiſh to throw a ſhade over the death of that unfortunate man; his crimes, indeed, were great; but woe to thoſe who treat an officer of merit (and his merit as an officer, while in the ſervice of his country, was more than ordinary) with contempt and cruelty. From the Duke of Bourbon to Deſpard, from ſucceſsful enterpriſe and captured ſovereignty to conſpiracy defeated, in the moſt wretched cabarets, the aſſemblies of inebriation and impotence, danger exiſts: if they ſucceed not in the firſt inſtance, they ſeem to ſtimulate others to future enterpriſe. Even Deſpard, perhaps, has left in the dregs of revolt, that which, though not more extended than a man's hand at its firſt appearance, may riſe like a cloud to overſpread the land, and burſt with fatal effects on the country that gave him birth; if means be not found to *draw* off the electrical matter contained in it, before it reaches the earth.

Of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, it may be ſaid, as of the Duke of Guiſe, "*Mon Dieu, comme il eſt grand étant mort!*" Was the ſcene of his apprehenſion well contrived? Should he not have been

reſerved for public arraignment, with all the formalities of juſtice duly prepared?—But the ſame relaxation of diſcipline then pervaded the Government, as in the preſent inſtance. An hour more of life would have made Lord Edward Fitzgerald maſter of the Caſtle. Never let Government ſo forget its dignity and deliberation, as to be obliged to act the aſſaſſin. Can the hand that was dyed in the blood of Lord Edward Fitzgerald be waſhed white by all the waters of the Boyne? "Rather will that the multitudinous ſea incarnadine!"

We are not likely to derive much benefit from the advice of Mr. Windham, who chooſes the philoſophic moment of deliberation, amidſt ſurrounding maſſacres and depredations.

Mr. Windham is undoubtedly a gentleman of fine talents, and I will not deny there is that in him, which ſhould conſtitute a politician; but in the long indulgence he has allowed himſelf, it may be applied to him, what Mr. Burke applied to ſome other individuals, "he brings into politics nothing but the paſſions they excite; he is unintelligible in debate, and impracticable in action, ill verſed in the knowledge of mankind, either with reſpect to his countrymen or foreigners; he is a *rara avis*, and who ſhould build his neſt alone." He has, indeed, got amongſt thoſe birds,

who build their neſts in retirement and in lofty ſituations, and aſſemble not together, but for the purpoſes of depredation, amongſt the kites and crows of the day. Why has he lent himſelf to the Grenvilles? His dignity is impaired by ſuch a connexion; and with all his faults, they are faults of the head, and not of the heart. It is impoſſible not to feel a degree of good will to him: he has the merit of being diſintereſted, if a man can be allowed to be ſo, who is as much guided by whim, as others are goaded by intereſt.

On one occaſion, Mr. Fox obſerved, he did not perceive what Mr. Pitt could gain by his attempt on a particular object; but, like Swift's Mad Molineux, he could gain his will: but the will of Mr. Windham is a weathercock, looſe on the point of every wavering hour; yet Mr. Windham, though not a politician himſelf, is the cauſe of a due degree of political ſenſation in others; he has given a confirmation of character to Mr. Sheridan: I muſt confeſs, with all the faults imputed to him, I rejoice in that circumſtance.

Mr. Sheridan ſtands, to the ſhame of Britain be it ſpoken, the only genuine politician of the day: I wiſh him well in every reſpect, and wiſh him, if I thought it were practicable for him, to obtain it,—a little more gravity, I mean not in his

general conduct, but in his general debate in Parliament; but that, alas! is hopeleſs. "Do you not ſee," ſaid Yorick, "how my head has been ſo mauled by miſcreants, that if a hundred mitres were to fall from above, not one of them would fit my head?" But I aſſert, Mr. Sheridan is reſpectable, not *merely* from talents, but from good intentions; to deny him that merit, would be to withhold from him the only reward he ſeems ever likely to obtain.

I have ſeen him charged with art, in a late publication, by an advocate of Mr. Windham: I wiſh Mr. Windham would learn to uſe the ſame degree of art, and acquire the ſame degree of management of himſelf and others in his political career. Some degree of art may perhaps be allowed to a politician, to ſet the paſſions on the ſide of truth.

Mr. Sheridan as a politician is pure; he has the merit of conſiſtency: where will you find it elſewhere? Will you find it, as you ſhould find it, in the great leaders, Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox? As to Mr. Fox, I ſhall ſay, *Virgilium tantum vidi*; but I have ſeen a print in the ſhops, the ſhadow of a patriot, which bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the perſon of one who was formerly an eminent actor in public. It will not be long to be ſeen, for the form is apparently fading

away from the eye of the public; yet is he one of the few who received the rare gift from Heaven —*quos Jupiter æquus amavit*—I wiſh I could add the reſt. But hope has not yet deſerted me. Though deprived of his eloquence, and the knowledge with which it was impregnated in debate, from which I with others occaſionally benefited (and no perſon ever returned from any one of his political lectures, without deriving from ſome part of it, inſtruction and matter worthy of record), I do not yet deſpair; hope dawns upon me when I look forward to the hiſtory expected from him: to that I look for the renewal of his talents. A book from a practical politician, or one who ought to be ſo like Mr. Fox, will be invaluable. What delight to ſee *Dalrymple* * confounded and traced to detection, by ſo keen an inveſtigator! Men like himſelf are bound to protect the memories of preceding politicians from falſe aſperſions; they have an intereſt in futurity: ſo ſhall their fame be guarded by thoſe that ſhall ſucceed them, and calumniators be deterred from defamation, when the magnanimity of the living ſhall vindicate the virtue of the deceaſed.

Who ſhall dare to attack the memory of Algernon Sydney, when defended by its own honour, and the vindication of Charles Fox? It will

* The veracity of Dalrymple has been already impeached by his countryman Laing.

be *Cicero* clearing the tomb of *Archimedes* from the weeds and vermin that ſurround it. To wiſh ſucceſs to the ſale of ſuch a book, with ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch an author to bring its energies into action, would be ſuperfluous in itſelf, and in myſelf preſumptuous; the efforts of the author, and *his name affixed* to it, will command it.

Though laſt not leaſt—the once powerful Miniſter, Mr. Pitt, muſt be adverted to. He has deſcended at laſt into the Arena; he has come into the ſenate like Cato, merely that he may go out of it again; but he does not, like Cato, any longer give his little ſenate laws. All I can adviſe him to is, let him write like Mr. Fox, let him do any thing rather than be a babbler; it does not become a man who has been ſo long at the head of the councils of the kingdom, to be a mere prater in Committees; it is not decorous, it is not honourable, perhaps not even honeſt: can a man ſpeak with warmth in debate, and not remember ſometimes, he is a *man as well as a Miniſter?*

Let him not further abaſe his dignity, already foiled by his contemptible motion; let him go a ſtep further, and try to add to what he is, from what he has been, by ſignifying, like the friends of Hamlet, "I could if I would, or if——" And he blends the preſent, paſt, and future, in irrevocable inſignificance: already do his late

friends, but recent enemies (for this pamphlet of Mr. Addington, I do not mean the Miniſter or his friends, is a declaration of war againſt him)—already do they begin to mock him. We are told, every thing relating to him is adapted to office, inſinuating the abuſe of office, the inſolence of office, his geſtures are fit for office. Is then Mr. Addington, I mean the Miniſter, Marcus Cicero, not Quintus, to acquire thoſe geſtures? they will be more honoured by him in the breach, than the obſervance: in the mean while, let Mr. Pitt endeavour to forget them in retirement.

We are told his talents are not ſo much to be dreaded in oppoſition: I think ſo too; but yet it is himſelf that has taught the Miniſtry to think ſo. He would have been eſteemed *dignus imperio niſi imperaſſet:* if he had not burſt out into a petulant oppoſition, his authority oppoſing would have been formidable to his adverſaries, and not a *brutum fulmen.* Let him be warned by the example of Lord Grenville, to avoid faction; let him not give the nation any ſenſible diſguſt, and he will yet be the Miniſter of ſome future day. He may be yet *facile princeps*; he has made the fortune of many, he has neglected his own: both circumſtances calculated for his return into office; and power, not property, will ever be his object. Excepting Mr. Fox, to whom even his abſence cannot open a place in adminiſtration, with reſpect to talents, as

a cloſe and regular debater, he has no competitor: with reſpect to experience, Mr. Fox, though conſiderably his ſenior, cannot be compared with him.

No man will eaſily, of the preſent age, be for ſo long a period Prime Miniſter. The wheel has gone full circle in his time, in law, divinity, and all the routine of the ſtate; but his friends are ſuch miſers, they cannot give up the intereſt of a day. He has already done enough for his friends; if they are in ſuch haſte, let them proceed on their journey by themſelves; no better furniſhed than they are, they will be ſoon found in the SLOUGH OF DESPOND. Let them not embarraſs the due courſe of his progreſs. *Feſtina lente:* the longeſt way round is the ſhorteſt way home. He muſt piece his patience with proverbs, but muſt for a time be content to be the cat in the adage: beſides, he is now become a ſoldier: like Lord Digby, he bears the impreſs of the oſtrich *: *Ferro vivendum eſt tibi quid præſtantia plumæ.* He has had his golden age, he muſt learn to digeſt that of iron.

Here is the one portrait: "This was your huſband: now comes the other; he is your huſband." He will be like the HULLA in the Arabian Nights Tales, that will not give up his place immediately

* See Lord Clarendon's character of Lord Digby.

after occupation; a little chaſtiſement will not drive him from the nuptial bed: he is aware the COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL will appear in due time, to ſupport his authority. Mr. Pitt muſt acquieſce, *libero lecto:* after a cohabitation of ſixteen years, he has been obliged to ſubmit to a divorce; he has, indeed, ſince that time, made an ineffectual effort to recover the object of his affections; but with ſuch viſible marks of impotence in his manner, that the bright cauſe of the conteſt has already declared him ſunk down to his grand climacteric*, and has confirmed the reign of his ſucceſsful rival.

The ſucceſſor of Mr. Pitt, and his duration, or rather the opinion entertained of him while he endures, which I am willing to believe the preſent Miniſter is at leaſt equally ſolicitous reſpecting, will depend upon a due diſcharge of his office: he muſt be aware good intention alone cannot exculpate him where he is placed; but ſome ABILITY is requiſite in him who gets the "ſtart of the majeſtic world," and makes himſelf lord of the aſcendant, for ſuch I conſider the Miniſter of Britain.

The abortive peace, after conſiderable ſacrifices, however lightly his panegyriſt may treat

* Vote on his motion of ſixty odd.

the great conſideration of that ſubject, has irritated numbers of his countrymen againſt him, impelled as much perhaps by paſſion as by prudence: his having reſiſted the ſurrender of Malta has preſerved for him a hoſtage for his country's and his own ſecurity. His panegyriſt boaſts, prematurely and improperly, of the manner of his raiſing the force of the country againſt the expected invaſion. He has perplexed the levies by checking the riſe of the volunteers, many of whom, inſpired by the martial ſpirit, or rather the pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war, would have concluded their career in the regular body of the army. His attack on the funds is a ſerious cauſe of objection againſt him. There he has been undoubtedly miſled in point of finance; but his intentions I believe to be generally good. His reply to Mr. Fox reſpecting the naval flag of Great Britain was ſpirited and correſpondent to the dignity of the Miniſter of this great naval country. His rejection of the interference of Ruſſia was equally judicious. He ſeems to have the ſpirit of an Engliſhman, but what he wants is STRENGTH; but that he will acquire neither by detracting from others, nor panegyrizing himſelf, nor allowing, which is the ſame thing, his immediate adherents to do ſo for him. His great fault ſeems to be, his indiſpoſition to his being made a tool, and his poſſeſſing a deſire to ſet up for himſelf, when he

conſiders himſelf as not well treated by thoſe who profeſſed to ſupport him: but let him beware of thoſe he ſtill continues in league with, as well as thoſe againſt whom he has ſuffered to go forth the language of reſentment and defiance. Let HIM BEWARE THE BALANCE OF POWER IS NOT AGAINST HIM.

Lord Hawkeſbury in himſelf is not perſonally objectionable; he is grave and ſenſible, as far as a politician limited by ſuch circumſtances as he is reſtrained by can be; but he is the ſon of the great ſtate ſpy, the Cabinet Warwick, proud ſetter-up and puller-down of miniſters, a fine, old, inflexible piece of ſtate furniture, a fixture in the interior of every adminiſtration, a man to find the clue of the labyrinth of Minos, and to keep it when he has found it. Mr. Windham may imagine himſelf likely to prevail againſt this monſter; but the clue will not be wreſted from him by that enthuſiaſt in politics, or any other modern profeſſor of that ſcience. What is the Miniſter to do in this ſituation of danger and difficulty? I ſhall offer my advice to Mr. Addington in the words of Shakeſpeare:

Be juſt and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou fall'ſt, thou fall'ſt
A bleſſed martyr.

In the various conſiderations that have crowded in upon me, and the various characters I have been obliged to inveſtigate, I have forgot the dark ſite of Cambridgeſhire and its forlorn iſle, where no Hereward now exiſts to illumine its receſſes: freedom ſeems to have been driven from it by thoſe who ſhould have been its defenders. I did, indeed, apprehend Mr. C. Yorke would have been by this time enrolled amongſt the Barons bold, and have given the French, if they had landed, no bad ſample of our nobility, and Sir Henry Peyton would have put on his ſpurs to become the champion of Cambridgeſhire, if not of the kingdom; at preſent he is only the Phaëton hurled from his car, and the reins are in the hands of the ordinary ruler of the ſteeds.

Mr. Yorke's creation has not yet taken place, but the force of the compromiſe has already had its effect. By the retreat of Sir Henry Peyton, Mr. Yorke gained his election, conſequently his Secretaryſhip of State and peerage *ad libitum*. Sir Henry Peyton has gained nothing, but loſt fourteen thouſand pounds, and the good-will of the county, INFINITELY MORE VALUABLE: "Thy love was worth a million, Hal." The county, its rank in the muſter-roll of Britain, even RUTLAND ſuperſedes it in efficient force, thanks to the proweſs and perſeverance of the recreant knight who deſerted the liſts when the marſhal had ſounded the

charge, and the eye of the county was fixed on the iſſue of the engagement. What a wearifome *travail* has he had betwixt YORKE and RUTLAND ſince that period, to avoid the encounter! yet was he young, ſtrong, and equally well ſupported as the adverſary he was to cope with: he ſays he had loſt fourteen thouſand of his followers, but thoſe that remained were ſtaunch, and, what was more material, would have maintained themſelves at their own coſt. He has had many fatigues to endure ſince that time, ſo that he may probably have become a ſhadow, like the county he left to mourn his deſertion; he left the county a widow, but the brother of Rutland has dried her tears, like thoſe of the widowed Anne in Shakeſpeare. Whether Sir Henry Peyton has been occupied in the ſame employment I know not, for there is more than one handſome widow in the hiſtory of this election; but let him make his efforts any where, but in the field of election. Few are the men qualified for politics, but their errors are commonly exhibited after the curtain is drawn up, and the play has begun. Sir H. Peyton has ſtood ſquabbling about the admiſſion-money, and after having paid enough to purchaſe the whole houſe, has ſeen his adverſary ſteal in at half price. Will he, after making himſelf ridiculous by ACTING THIS FARCE, ſeriouſly offer himſelf again before the county as a candidate? No cheering ſounds will attend him to the huſtings,

but a dead march will accompany him on the occaſion: his name may appear again in the Crown Office, (and from the Crown Office he muſt henceforward derive his honours;) for no individual will venture to ſtand the expenſe of a future election: diſtruſt has taken place between the electors and the eligible; diſtruſt of which he has ſown the ſeeds, but another has reaped the harveſt.

He has had, however, his hour of free will and free election, and that in the morn and day-ſpring of his youth. His heart muſt have been warmed by the delicious moment, and his ſoul ſhould have expanded on the occaſion. On the contrary, there was the freezing point; the moment of his riſe and his fall was coincident; the genius of the Yorkes ſtood predominant on the occaſion, and mocked his deſcent from the huſtings, which they have converted into the ladder of their ambition. Sir Henry Peyton may again be returned as member for the county, but never again as the repreſentative of its free choice. In the prime of life, in the early promiſe of manhood, his countrymen conſider themſelves as abandoned by him, and given up to the ariſtocracy on the one ſide or the other, as the Manners or the Yorkes may be predominant. Why ſhould he have given way to the Yorkes, or indeed to the Rutland faction, or any other family

that may be making its way by the gradation of power? Is no ſuch character to exiſt in Britain as an independent gentleman of ancient family? and who was more likely to have filled the ſcope of that ſphere than himſelf? Oh! what a falling off was there! but he may depend upon it the county will fall off from him whenever they can find another dupe with fourteen thouſand pounds; "another and another yet ſucceeds, and the laſt fool is welcome as the firſt." Here is the evil. Would you inquire why Cambridgeſhire is ſo void of gentlemen's ſeats, and deſtitute of population, that it can only afford the MOIETY of a ſheriff and a repreſentative in Parliament? The reaſon is evident; one county election paralyzes a family, and drives it from its reſidence for a long and melancholy period of time.

Sir Henry Peyton has indeed in due time ſtopt his career of expenditure, and gone off the ſtage with a flouriſh of independence—"moral to the laſt." But that gentleman will aſſert he is more ſinned againſt than ſinning; he may ſupplicate for pity, but it muſt not be that pity which is akin to love, but which approximates to contempt. Is it his own cauſe he has ſingly betrayed? Is it himſelf alone he has rendered inſignificant? He has rendered fruitleſs the combination of the freeholders of a county for the nobleſt purpoſe, the vindication of their freedom; they had choſen

for their aſſertor one whom they had eſteemed, from ſtrength, youth, family, and fortune, competent to the occaſion; he betrayed them in the moment of victory, "ſpite of his victor-ſword and fire-new fortune." The profuſion of expenſe that accompanied his election was unneceſſary. The county invited him, and the freeholders were bound to find their way to the huſtings without mortgaging their member. He ſhould have been the perſon who ſhould have given the firſt example of checking a moſt unſalutary cuſtom attending the Cambridge elections. The vigour of his conduct would have vivified the county for ages, and immortalized his own reputation; he ſhould have ſtood upon the ground of character and independence; he would then have ſtood upon high ground indeed, above the overflow of floods, and ſuperior to demolition. What has he done now? He has undone the vigour of his youth, and broke the heart of *his* county, of which he might have been the idol. Will he find any compenſation for ſuch a dereliction? Will this be effected by obtaining a peerage under that Adminiſtration, of which the Yorkes form a part, a part of which is of his erecting; a peerage he might have obtained, if it was fit he ſhould have obtained it, with the good-will of his electors *honourably* and in *due ſeaſon*; or he ſhould have abſtained from it for ever! But peace be to his manes! I ſhall re-

vert to the conſtitution and the country. Our conſtitution is a glorious conſtitution indeed: the conſtitution of no other country is without a taint; in America there is villanage; ſlavery exiſted even on the lands of a Waſhington, where Freedom ſeemed to have erected her citadel. Would you make the electors of Cambridgeſhire the *villains* of Britain, and the mere tools of election? He muſt be a *villain* indeed who would attempt to do ſo, and deſerves to be enſlaved himſelf by Buonaparte, or any other deſpot. Such conduct would give more ſtrength to the friends of faction than firebrands thrown into our dock-yards; or, what is moſt to be dreaded, mutinies amongſt our ſailors, if there is exiſting a man who calls himſelf an Engliſhman, who would endeavour to excite them. By Mr. Addington no ſuch juggle muſt be countenanced; the freedom of election, under his adminiſtration, has had more than uſual ſupport. From ſuch a foundation a ſuperſtructure may well be expected reſpectable and firmly conſtituted; but ſhould there be any rotten timber in the building, the firſt foul weather will taint the tenement, and the tenant maintain but a precarious and inſecure habitation during the period of his poſſeſſion.

The laxity of Adminiſtration has appeared in the Nottingham election; the lord of miſrule

has there obtained his full career; the Miniſter, after having allowed the "anarch old" to remain unchecked, himſelf continuing ſupine till the period of extremity, awakes at the ultimatum. What is done? "*Trepidabat potius quam conſultabat.*" A precedent is eſtabliſhed which ſhakes the foundation of the conſtitution; it is like the advice of Moliere's phyſician, "That arm takes too much nouriſhment from your body; cut it off;" but, "*ex pede Herculem*," you may know him by his cloven foot. Mr. Hawkins Browne * is at the head of the Committee, that eloquent *job-promoter*. If Mr. Tierney has had the ſingular felicity in his political progreſs of purifying the conſtitution, and promoting, at the ſame time, the advancement of his private affairs, Mr. Hawkins Browne ſtands in the oppoſite predicament; HE has deteriorated the conſtitution, and not in the leaſt advanced, with reſpect to his own affairs, under each ſucceſſive adminiſtration. In the catalogue of every Miniſter he is an adherent piece of lumber, unregarded till a new ſurvey is taken by his ſucceſſor, and then he is returned into the brokerage of the Houſe, rejected and unpurchaſed.—"*O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem!*"

* This gentleman is reſpectable when he is not in the Houſe of Commons: the higheſt eulogium I can beſtow on him is to ſay, his private character is directly the reverſe of his public.

Pitileſs Miniſters! will you not relieve the members from this remorſeleſs rhetorician, that the Houſe may be no longer oppreſſed by his common-place orations? Is he NEVER to be made a Lord of the Admiralty, or a Baronet? But the moſt charitable office would be to create him a Peer: then the Houſe would get rid of him at once; but, alas! he is not of a quality ſubtle enough to paſs through the portal of the other Houſe!—Something too much of this.

I cannot quit my political diſcuſſion without adverting to an individual, who has made more noiſe in the world than Mr. Hawkins Browne in the Houſe of Commons; his progreſs too has been ſomething more rapid—I mean *Buonaparte*.

Of Buonaparte I have ſaid nothing, becauſe others have ſaid ſo much. I am hoſtile to the enemies of my country, to him conſequently moſt hoſtile; but his fury has diſarmed his power. I propheſy his term in futurity will be ſhort; he is a comet burnt out: long may it be before ſuch a phenomenon ſhall appear again in the political hemiſphere! But to whom do we owe the harmony of the ſphere of Britain? what has preſerved us from the peſtilential effect of this portentous apparition? In the firſt place undoubtedly Providence, who gives to a great ſoul the means of working mighty effects by engines diſ-

proportioned to the occaſion. Sir Sidney Smith roſe in the Eaſt the day-ſtar of our ſafety, but we have not worſhipped this ſtar in the Eaſt.

We have brought no rich offerings before it; yet has the country, which has derived its ſafety from its influence, acknowledged its power and protection. Sir Sidney Smith has received a tardy acknowledgment of his worth from his country; tardy, and not coincident with the occaſion: but many perſons of tranſcendent merit have never, during their exiſtence, obtained any teſtimony of a ſenſe of their exertions from thoſe who have benefited by their effect: to him the acknowledgment comes in the vigour of life, an acknowledgment not indeed adequate to his merit; but then it is a proud pre-eminence to have his country indebted to him: it will in the end aſcertain the debt, as far as ſuch a debt can be aſcertained, and endeavour to diſcharge it with intereſt. In the mean while, let Sir Sidney Smith acknowledge the favour of the Almighty, who has ſelected him as the inſtrument of the deliverance of his country; a potent privilege, and beſtowed only on the favoured by Heaven: with a ſtone and a ſling has he confounded the champion of the Philiſtines, and has wreſted his own ſword from him to enforce the effect of victory: he has become the hero and ſaviour of Paleſtine.

The infidel fled before him, and we retain our religion, laws, and liberty, in conſequence of his interpoſition. What has he to do after ſuch a ſtupendous accompliſhment? To revere *in ſilence* the Power that raiſed him from the confines of a priſon, to cope, and cope ſucceſsfully, with the moſt cogent athleta in the univerſe, to ſcatter his forces, and annihilate the projects of his ambition. *In ſilence* let him revere the wonderful workings of Providence in his favour, and through him of his country, nor *mar by complaint* the great devolution of conſideration that will attach to his character. To him much is due: but *his* merit has not been unrewarded, who cut off the right arm of Buonaparte, and deſtroyed his confederate in the moment of intended co-operation —I mean the then Earl of Mornington, now deſervedly by his country created Marquis of Welleſley *. The occaſion demanded a man, and a man was found worthy the occaſion. By his prompt and judicious conduct was the Eaſtern ally of the riſing power of the French laid proſtrate, at the moment he was big with the project of the deſtruction of the conſideration of Britain. General Harris, and thoſe who acted under his command, the immediate conquerors of Tip-

* The Earl of Mornington began his career of life with the moſt noble promiſe, diſcharging the debts of his father, uncompelled, to a very conſiderable amount: "*Inſigni pietate coruſcus.*"

poo Saib, ſhould not be forgot in the triumphal ſong of their country, nor left unenriched or unadorned with the ſpoils and trophies of victory.

The victory of Aboukir was an era in victory itſelf; in vain the Nile, with crocodile tears, expanded her deceitful boſom, and as with a full inveſtiture of ſecurity, ſeemed to invite

Cœruleum in gremium latebroſaque flumina victos.

The Admiral of Great Britain came on with his intrepid ſeamen; in vain the ſons of Gaul attempted to repoſe on the imagined ſecurity of their anchors, floating fearleſsly as removed from the reach of danger within the protection of the harbour. The anchor of Great Britain is the conſtitutional courage of her ſeamen; on this day it had an eminent trial: the daſtardly ſpirit of the French had raiſed every obſtacle to ſuperſede the neceſſity of an engagement; but the genius of Great Britain under Nelſon broke through all; her lion bore down on the *Anubis* of France; and the flag of Great Britain, the predominant flag of this country—*(ſo may it ever prove the unerring enſign of victory!* and periſh thoſe who would controvert that *creed!)* ſoon *waved high* o'er the wreck of the hoſtile fleet—Nelſon and Aboukir,

" Ventis et Diis Agrippa ſecundis
Arduus, agmen agens, cui, belli inſigne ſuperbum,
Tempora navali fulgent roſtrata corona."

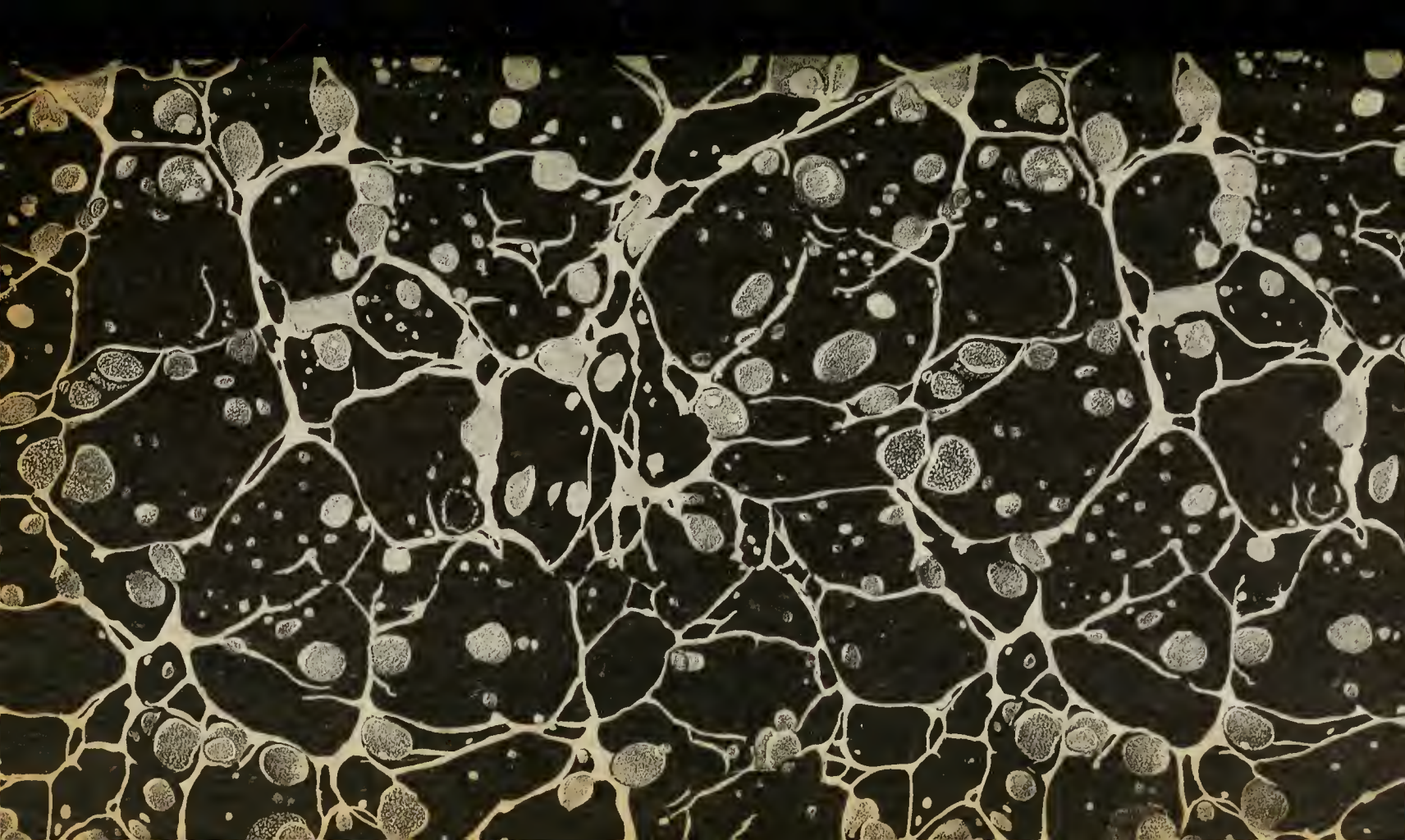
Other pamphlets have ſeemed to direct themſelves to the ſounding of the depths or ſhallows of the reigning or the ex-Miniſters: I reſt my anchor on the conſtitution. May the duration of miniſters be in proportion to their integrity and good-conduct; but with reſpect to the conſtitution, the admirable conſtitution, the author of this pamphlet ſhall conclude in the words of Father Paul, adopted by Atterbury, "*Eſto perpetua*," May it be immortal!

"Et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos."

A FREEHOLDER OF CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 7, line 3, *for* "himſelf" *read* "his own."
— 12, — 2, *for* "that" *read* "than."

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